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"I WONDER IF IT'S LOADED!"



#### A FISHY EXCUSE.

TEACHER.—What do you want to go out for, Willy?  
WILLY TROUT.—Please, Ma'am, I want to get a drink of water!

#### A FABLE.

**S**EE THE Man! How worn he looks! His broad, bulging Brow is wrinkled like the front side of a Washboard and his Nose is actually pale with Misery. Who is he, and has he a terrible Pain concealed somewhere about his Person?  
Oh! He is just an average Statesman, of the kind we usually send to the Legislature because we are tired of having them loafing around. Day before yesterday he discovered a Sensible Paragraph in the Fool Bill he is desirous of introducing; and he has been thinking, thinking, thinking, Night and Day, ever since, trying to find a Substitute for that one Gleam of Wisdom that will sound Sonorous and mean absolutely Nothing.  
From this we *should* Learn several Great Truths, but will not learn any at all. We, you know, are The People and our Voice is the *Vox Dei*. We already know it all and can not be taught anything, either by Painful Experience or otherwise; thus it is our invariable Habit to use much less Caution in selecting our Lawmakers than we do in picking out a Watermelon or buying a Calf.

Tom P. Morgan.

#### TOOK EXCEPTION.

There was the sound of a crashing window-sash.  
"Police! Help! Thieves!" shouted an excited voice from the sixth floor of the apartment house.  
"They don't do in'nything av th' koind," mumbled Officer Riley, turning over for another nap. "This ain't Chicago."

#### GUILT.

As was usual, the directors of the road were hanged for manslaughter.  
Of course, they were only remotely to blame for the wreck.  
The engineer was color-blind. He admitted under oath that in his youth he had read the supplements of the Sunday papers. Yet the art editors of these papers go and come as they will, and brazenly hold their heads as high as anybody.

#### DANGEROUS.

HONG KONG CHINAMAN.—But we might learn to make these goods ourselves, instead of importing them.  
PEKIN CHINAMAN.—I'm afraid that would be considered an unfriendly act and might lead to demands for further indemnity.

#### A NATURAL EFFECT.

"The stock market was rather feverish to-day."  
"What's the matter? Undigested securities?"

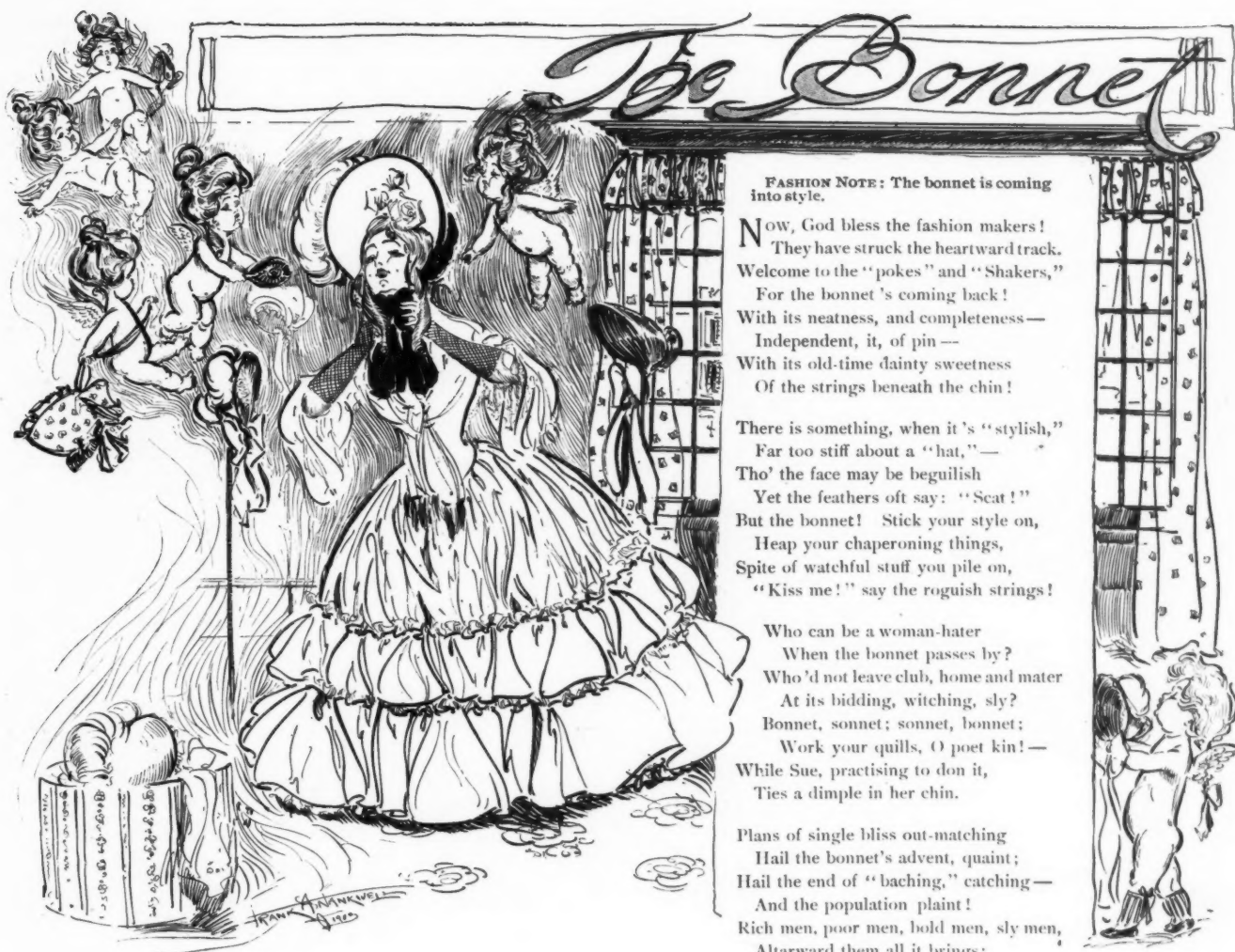


#### HE FINDS COMFORT.

THE CONNAISSEUR.—One of ze most deesteengueesh' men of ze time and ze ancestor of ze well known family of ze same name.  
MR. GOTROX.—Gee, whiz! It sort of reconciles a man to havin' a lot of ancestors that never got their pictures took!

**People who want to make trouble can make a great deal out of very little material.**





FASHION NOTE: The bonnet is coming into style.

Now, God bless the fashion makers!  
They have struck the heartward track.  
Welcome to the "pokes" and "Shakers,"  
For the bonnet's coming back!  
With its neatness, and completeness—  
Independent, it, of pin—  
With its old-time dainty sweetness  
Of the strings beneath the chin!

There is something, when it's "stylish,"  
Far too stiff about a "hat,"—  
Tho' the face may be beguiling  
Yet the feathers oft say: "Scat!"  
But the bonnet! Stick your style on,  
Heap your chaperoning things,  
Spite of watchful stuff you pile on,  
"Kiss me!" say the roguish strings!

Who can be a woman-hater  
When the bonnet passes by?  
Who'd not leave club, home and mater  
At its bidding, witching, sly?  
Bonnet, sonnet; sonnet, bonnet;  
Work your quills, O poet kin!—  
While Sue, practising to don it,  
Ties a dimple in her chin.

Plans of single bliss out-matching  
Hail the bonnet's advent, quaint;  
Hail the end of "baching," catching—  
And the population plaint!  
Rich men, poor men, bold men, sly men,  
Altarward them all it brings;  
For the double knot of Hymen  
Is the fav'rite of its strings!

Edwin L. Sabin.

RESPONDED TOO SOON.

HIS AUNT.—John, why did you enter the ministry?  
JOHN.—Because, dear Aunt, I was called.  
HIS AUNT.—Are you sure, John, that it was n't some other  
noise you heard?

PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

CRAWFORD.—I suppose his fame has made him happy.  
CRABSHAW.—Not quite. Ever since he became famous he  
has been worrying himself trying to originate a deathbed epigram  
to deliver as his last words.



A SCORNFUL SUGGESTION.

"She 's de leadin' soprano. I 'se seen her referred to as a black Patti."  
"Wal, ef she 's a black Patti, I t'ink she oughter gib jes' one farewell pe'fo'mance an' stop right dar!"

## PUCK

### TWO IN AN AUTO.



WHEN Sue Sweete prepared to go out with Percy Cranke in his new auto she donned her most fetching bib and tucker, in order to encourage what she trusted must be the inevitable—Percy's proposal.

Thus, a bewitching vision of smiles and laces, she deftly tripped into the cart—and although Percy was at the instant bent over examining something in the neighborhood of the off rear axle, she reflected that a poor beginning might have a good ending.

Away they whirled.

"Oh! Is n't this delicious!" sighed Sue. "I'd like to ride forever!"

"But you could n't, you know," informed Percy, eagerly. "Forty miles is all I've got the machine charged for."

This was disappointing; such a prosaic answer when he might have replied in poetry!

"Anyway, I love—," began Sue, again.

"Sh! Sh! Sh! please," interrupted Percy. And he seemed to be listening attentively. "I thought the action sounded queer," he explained, in a moment. "Go ahead. What were you saying?"

"I just love—," resumed Sue.

Percy suddenly brought the auto to a stop and hastily leaped out. He crawled around underneath the vehicle and emerged, all dusty, on the other side.

"I *did* hear something! It was the squeegee bar to the pin crank lever!" he announced, triumphantly; and, shedding dust, he clambered in. "It had worked loose," he added. "With a new auto one has to be on the watch till all gets adjusted."

"Now I'm going to let her out a notch," he remarked. Immediately the auto set off faster and faster. The gait waxed terrific. Sand flew—and settled in Sue's ears and hair in a sort of cement; the wind blew her locks seventeen ways for Sunday; her face got grimy and her hat crooked. Of course, she had no chance to talk, and Percy was entirely engrossed with various levers.

Finally they slowed down.

"Wasn't that great!" exclaimed Percy. He looked like a mulatto.

"My! Grand!" agreed Sue, enthusiastically—and wondering if she was not a regular fright, herself.

They had come to the end of the pavement and were entering a shaded roadway through a woodland. The air was soft and Spring-like, and all Nature spoke of love.

"Would you mind sitting over just an inch or so?" inquired Percy. "This confounded shut-off lever is so stiff that I've got to have plenty of elbow room in case we meet a skitish team."

Sue hitched over.

"Thank you!" said Percy, his eyes upon the road in front.



### A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

HER HUSBAND.—I believe diamonds have gone up fifteen per cent.

SHE.—Well, then, I think we ought to buy. Just think how economical we will feel if somebody should corner the market!

Thus they proceeded in silence until they emerged into open country again; here Percy heaved a sigh as of relief.

"I'm glad we're out of it!" he declared. "I always hate

### DOGGING HIS STEPS.



I.

"Believe in Hypnotism? Of course I do! Why, I could make you both believe you are dogs and have you follow me all the way home. Try it? Certainly!"



II.

"A few passes, thus—and you feel my power already."



III.

"Now you're dogs—a pug and a greyhound. Come along, old fellows, we have only four miles to go."



# PUCK



IV.  
"When my wife and family see this, they will believe me a man of *some* importance."



V.  
THE DOGS.—Bow—Gr-r-r—Wow—



VI.  
"My! — I believe they must have gone mad."

a shaded road, because horses scare quicker, then, when we meet 'em."

"Oh!" commented Sue. Auto riding seemed too earnest a pastime—too earnest, altogether.

However, she did not despair.

"Why did n't you come up night before last? I was expecting you," she ventured.

"The take-in pinion of the gear connection needed filing down a little; so you see I could n't get away in time," he answered.

"I staid at home all the evening!" she pouted—cracking her grime.

"The pinion ought not to have acted-up so soon," he asserted, with a wise shake of his head. "I'm going to have the company furnish me a new one."

"May I work the lever?" she cooed.

"Well—perhaps you'd better not, if you don't mind my saying so," he replied, thoughtfully. "I'm a licensed chauffeur and the law is that I can't let anybody but myself operate the machine. We chauffeurs have to be mighty careful."

"Now we'll spurt!"

he said, cheerily, as if to make amends. Whir-r-r! On leaped the auto, and again the dust flew and the wind blew, while Percy, like an inexorable demon, clutched the levers and, crouching forward, sternly glared ahead.

Whir-r-r-r! And Sue shut tight her eyes and her mouth, and waited.

There was a rattle and a series of clicks, and the auto came to an abrupt standstill. Percy fairly tumbled out and disappeared underneath, as on a former occasion.

"It's that take-in pinion!" he announced, still invisible.

He crawled into sight for a second and then scuttled

back once more and hammered with a stone, so that the whole vehicle shook.

"I can't fix it!" at last he declared, suddenly bobbing up into view from between the wheels upon Sue's right. "We're stuck!"

"Won't it go?" asked Sue, in alarm.

"Nop!" assured Percy, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Pinion's busted square in two; I'll have to wait for a tow."

"Lucky we're not far from the car line, though," he continued. "There's the end of the Forest Avenue electric—just across the field, you see. You won't mind going alone, will you? I'd hardly like to leave the machine."

"Oh, no; not at all! Don't leave the auto, by any means!" responded Sue, briskly descending and tripping for the field.

"I'll watch you!" called Percy.

Maybe he did; but when she looked back once he was nowhere to be seen, and probably was under the cart.

Sue Sweete did not marry Percy Cranke.\* She married John Boggs, who was mortally afraid of an auto and could not be induced to enter one, and did n't know anything about them, anyway!

Edwin L. Sabin.



A MILD PROTEST.

"Ketch her givin' you anything! She'll tell yer dat a healthy man like you ought to go to woik!"

"Well, little goil, we can't *all* be invalids!"

## PIE.

The old farmer's cordiality took the bunco man quite aback.

"Have n't you made some mistake?" faltered the latter.

"Not 't all!" replied the farmer. "I reckon yew don't like yer pie tew crusty, no more 'n anybody else, b'gosh!"

It was evident the glad spirit of the season was strong upon him.

[T is only by calling it high-church ritualism that physical culture can be brought to the favorable notice of some women.

**It is a pity that the people who are trying to get something for nothing should not devote their energies exclusively to one another.**



IN THE MIDST OF PACKING.

MRS. TROTTER.—I don't know what 's the matter with these slippers.  
HER HUSBAND.—Perhaps they 're large enough.



## PUCK



### PUCK

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### NOTICE

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**ACCUSING UNJUSTLY.** LATELY examined before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, President Baer of the Coal Trust grew vexed. He kept his temper as long as possible and then, with manifest impatience, denied his rumored connection with "a gang of conspirators." And, indeed, it seems to us, Mr. Baer was fully justified in making a protest. He is not a conspirator. Conspirators, if dictionaries and melodramas speak truly, are secretive in their labors. If they are bent on violating or evading a law, they do not proclaim it from the housetops, or even from the second-story window. They accomplish their ends by a subtle craftiness which, in stage land, is prefaced by a "Hist!" In brief, there is, in their nature, none of the frank openheartedness which characterized, throughout, the Baer testimony. Mr. Baer was a witness against himself. There is a standing accusation that, knowingly, the Coal Trust, of which he is head, encourages acts that the Law dislikes. A conspirator, on the witness stand, would have squirmed and equivocated. Not so Mr. Baer. He admitted that the Trust's control of the coal trade is absolute. He admitted that the railroads, which carry coal to tidewater, are part of the Trust's equipment. He admitted that roads are merged and mines combined for the very profitable purpose of killing competition and regulating prices. And he made other admissions, with equal candor; but these, being the principal ones, will suffice. They indicate, and plainly, that whatever else Mr. Baer may be, a conspirator he surely is not. Those who claim that he is, moreover, would be totally at a loss to describe, at all adequately, the gentlemen who formed the Northern Securities Company. In a smaller degree, they essayed to do in the West what Mr. Baer and his associates have so successfully done in the East—namely, the merging of railroads; but, unlike Mr. Baer, they did not frankly admit that the death warrant of competition was all they sought. Instead, they parried, argued and attempted to justify. Had they employed the Baer method and candidly explained and confided, they might now be enjoying the same immunity from National Commerce Laws that the Coal Trust seems to enjoy. So the Moral of it all is simply this: Never be a conspirator.

**ORATORY'S TRIUMPH.** TO THE Honorable William J. Stone of Missouri, the nation is greatly indebted. Effectively has he contributed to his country's declamatory literature. "I fear them not," the gentleman said, referring to his heartless accusers; "I laugh in their faces and spit upon them." Dismissing as immaterial the physiological inconvenience of doing both these acts at once—though Senator Stone, of course, may be free from ordinary limitations—we admire the outburst for its rhetorical vigor. No mere relation between its author and a bribery scandal can dim its lustre or douse its fire. Especially, after Bryan, in the comparative of common, has labeled Senator Stone "an acceptable" candidate for the presidency. His words will stay put. As the utterance of a sample "acceptable," they show that American oratory, born of Adams and Patrick Henry and fostered by Webster and Henry Clay, has suffered no deterioration at the hands—or rather, at the larynx—of Gumshoe Bill. Publishers of school "speakers" and editors of "Famous Quotations" should rouse themselves immediately and issue adequate supplements. The boy who, for fifty years, has been sinking or

swimming, living or dying, surviving or perishing and giving his hand and his heart "to this vote," unquestionably deserves a new and worthy successor to that veteran of the school-house rostrum. This, we submit, the Honorable William J. Stone has already supplied.

**MORE GERMAN HEROES.** ONCE MORE has Emperor William gone in the decorating business. The first occasion was two years ago, when Count Waldersee returned from China to receive the degree of Hero. The second came quite recently, when all officers who took part in the Venezuelan bombardment were summoned to headquarters and annexed to medals. Various orders of this or that were freely distributed, but as far as we could ascertain, there was no such lavish display of honors as awaited the fortunate Waldersee. The decorations, in short, while tasteful, were not elaborate. What professional jealousies this difference will provoke, time will ultimately disclose to all who are interested; but right here do we deem it wise to state that, in our opinion, there should have been no discrimination at all. What was sauce for Waldersee should have been sauce as well for the conquerors of Castro. Indeed, if any favoritism was due, it belonged to the latter. When Waldersee sailed for China, the hostilities there were about over, a little Christian pillaging and vandalism alone remaining to be practiced. But the naval veterans of Venezuela, in at least one instance, if not in more, were in actual danger of being hit by something. While German guns battered down the Venezuelan forts, German officers knew not at what moment some homeless, half-spent bullet from the shore would fall exhausted on the deck at their feet. Still, with reports of this fearful carnage before him, the Kaiser gave medals, and medals only. Where were the banquets, the processions, the kisses that made Count Waldersee's return a national triumph? Waldersee, who with all his Chinese experience, never faced the leaden hail of the tropics. But enough! After all, it is a debate for Germans, not for Americans. To us, however, one thought grows, naturally and serenely, from the news of the Kaiser's decorating. If he gives medals for achievements like Waldersee's and the Venezuelan veterans', what emoluments he would shower upon a real fighter!

It is painfully evident that the prayers with which political conventions are opened are not usually answered.



### RENEWED APPRECIATION.

"Does it not make one feel zat life ees worth living?"  
"It does, by gum! An' that 's how it makes the fellers feel that has to dodge it!"

PUCK,



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TOO LAT

ELSA-FRANCE (to LOHENGRIIN-ENGLAND).—O, why did you not



PUCK.



TOO LATE.

Why did you not come sooner—before I was pledged to Telramund?

# PUCK

## THE CHAIR OF PRACTICAL LIVING.

"NEVER," said the yellow-headed professor, "cultivate a stern, fixed and immobile countenance. It is a fine thing for a bust on a bookcase, or for a picture of a moulder-of-public-opinion and eminent demagogue in a magazine article, but the fact is that a fixed aspect must necessarily go with a single idea; and if you ever conceived another idea, where would you be then?"

"But, to our lesson. And first, I counsel you to give good heed, for the habit of close attention that we acquire at college is of great use to us, you know, when we get outside where there is something to learn."

"At the same time, or, in fact, at any time, if you have Napoleon's talent for abstraction, so that while your professors are discouraging you can sit wrapped in thought, and oblivious, why, that is a gift, and you don't want to neglect it."

"Yesterday I thought of a splendid idea for to-day's lecture. It was poetical and still deeply philosophical. It was a gentle, sweet, modest thought, and I think it would have commanded attention, but I have forgotten what it was."

"Sometimes a painter sees a sunset fading in the west, but he loses it and never can remember it again; and that is the way with the poets and the musicians and everybody. There are

few enough fine thoughts in the world, and most of them are lost. All of ours are lost and it seems sort of sad that there is nothing sad about it."

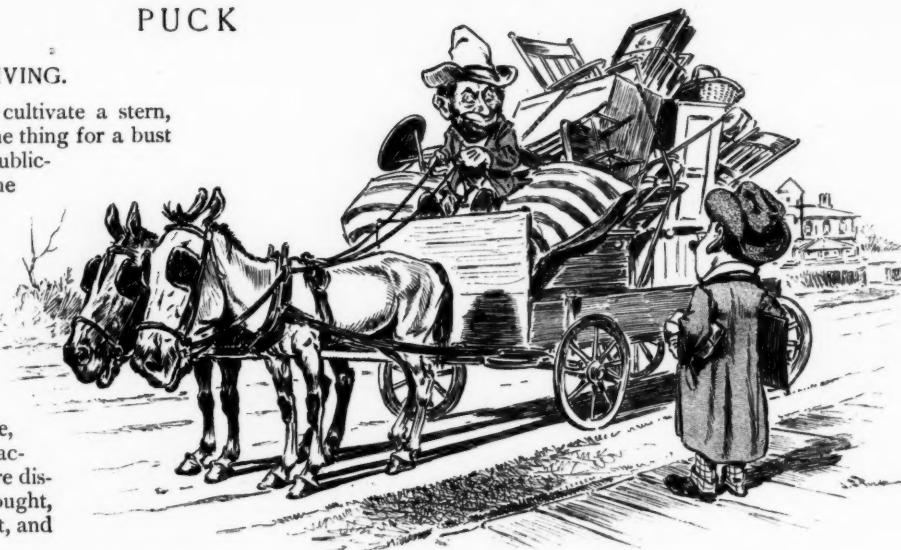
"These matters of education and wisdom on which we are now bent are more or less doubtful or undefined. Some men consider themselves very wise because they have been to college, and some men consider themselves considerably wiser because they have n't."

"It is not unnatural that there should be some skepticism about the college education. The true basis of this skepticism lies deep down in a deep-down professional and professorial secret, which now, with treason black and most unnatural, I will betray."

"In the ancient days when great scholars established colleges their hearts were right in their work, and they resolved immediately to have a regular four-years' course. That was the first thing they resolved."

"Now, it fell out, or fell in, that these ardent spirits did not know enough things to make a four-years' course of. The result was that they had to fill up with a good many things that they did n't know, and a good many things that were n't so, and a good many other things (and a good many of the same things) concerning which it was immaterial whether they were so or not."

"These peculiarities have ever since clung to colleges. They have never failed to have a four-years' course. In all the centuries they have never failed in that. Though they did n't have enough



## A FORTUNATE PERSON.

"What? Jones is moving, is he?"

"Yes. That's the advantage of rentin' a place 'stead of buyin' it."

information on hand to run a night-school through a noon recess, they had a regular four-years' course; but, to confound unbelievers, they called it a curriculum, and they let on that if an ambitious student had the soaring mind and the money to pay his board they could put him through a post-graduate course besides."

"I can not but reflect that if the wise and grave professors who were so anxious to impart knowledge, had fixed on about a two-weeks' course, including vacations, and had reserved the rest of the four years for going out and learning something themselves, it would have been a good thing for all hands."

"But they never did this. If they had any spare time they devoted it to exposing the follies and fallacies of the cracker-jack philosophers outside, and to handing a few more L.L.D.'s and other segments of the alphabet to politicians and around among themselves. They also took time to prepare weighty catalogues dividing all knowledge accurately into semesters, and setting forth the fine moral and intellectual atmosphere of the college. It strikes me

that hereafter a good many parents, in reading with awe the list of Professors of Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Calculus, Least Squares, Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Astronomy, Zoölogy (now we are getting at it), Biology, Botany, Physiology and Bacteriology, will make bold to inquire if among the list of professors is at least one who is guaranteed to know typhoid fever germs when he sees them, and to have energy enough to make a search and see if the students' drinking-water is principally composed of them. If the catalogues will treat this matter satisfactorily they can fall back and call a semester a term and admit the stimulating intellectual atmosphere and still do a good business."

Williston Fish.



## SAME THING.

COUNT SPAGETTI (*rejected*).—Only time can heal the wound you have made upon my heart.  
MISS GOTROX.—Quite likely. They say time is money.



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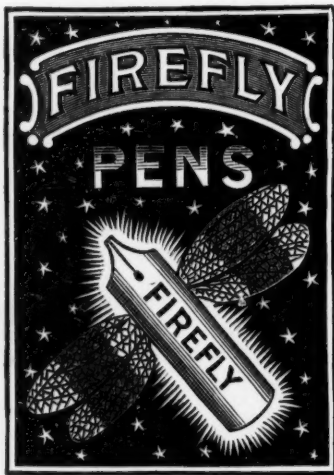
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"The way it affects her husband is singular."

"How singular?"

"Just singular; it affects his nerve. He braced me for fifty to-day."—*Philadelphia Press.*



## THE DIFFERENCE.

FIRST SPECTATOR.—Well, Jimmy is right up on de rules of de game.

SECOND SPECTATOR.—Yes; but Petey wins de marbles.

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## SOCIETY'S NAME FOR IT.

"Funny thing happened to Laura. George and Henry both have new automobiles and called at the same time to ask her to go riding."

"Which took her?"

"George. He called his a motor car."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MISSIONARY (*on the Congo*).—Why does that poor fellow swathed in bandages seem isolated?

CHIEF.—He has been cut by all his acquaintances.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"To DECIDE a bet," writes a correspondent, "will you tell me if Shakspeare ever said, 'The gallon jug waits?'"

No; he never said it. No heaven-born genius ever lets the gallon jug wait.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PATIENCE.—I sent a postal card to Will last week and forgot to put his name or address on it.

PATRICE.—Really?"

PATIENCE.—Yes; he must have thought me stupid when he got it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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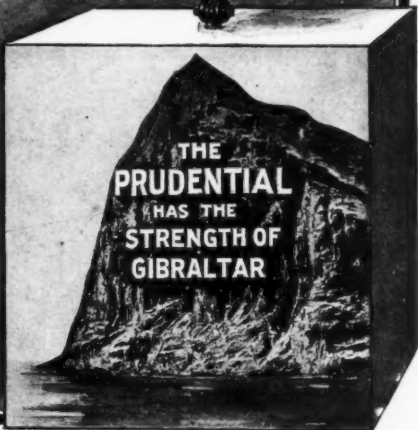
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CHURCH.—Why does the ostrich bury his head in the earth?

GOETHAM.—Perhaps he's looking for something in real estate. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

# BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

"He finished his art education in Italy, I believe?"

"Yes;—that's where he learned to live and be happy on cheese and macaroni."

# McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



## A Mass of Cream.

Just to look at the mass of thick, creamy lather is to make a man long for WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK. To feel its softening, cooling effect on the face—to enjoy the ease and comfort of shaving with it—to experience the delightful, velvety and refreshed after-effects—makes a man realize that in the matter of shaving soap, at least, he has found perfection.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.

Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap (Rd. or Sq.), 10c.

Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.

Williams' Glycerated Tar (Toilet) Soap, 10c.

Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

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PARIS,

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"Standard of Highest Merit"

# FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

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Because of their construction **PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS** give most **Comfort & Service** Guaranteed

"All breaks made good" "President" on buckle means "Cannot rust" 50c. and \$1.00 Any shop or by mail prepaid The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co. Box 218-L Shirley Mass Send 6c. for Catalogue.

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# FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS -MADE AT KEY WEST-

YOUR HUSBAND often stops at the Club for dinner. He can there have served McILHENNY'S TABASCO SAUCE at home. He will appreciate it and you will find many uses for it. At your dealers. Write for interesting booklet.

Tabasco Sauce

McILHENNY'S TABASCO, NEW IBERIA, LA.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
For once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
And kind affection rule the hour."

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

# Natural Whiskey

Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

## Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

Ask your Dealer—or write us—  
**A. OVERHOLT & CO.**  
PITTSBURG, PA.

**BOTTLED IN BOND**




## POCONO MOUNTAINS

Lackawanna  
Railroad

A region of woodland and water, 2,000 feet above sea level in northeastern Pennsylvania; dry, cool and invigorating; splendid roads; modern hotels. A beautifully illustrated book describing this region and containing a fascinating love story entitled "For Reasons of State," sent on receipt of 5 cents in postage stamps. Address T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

How HE SQUARED HIMSELF.

MAISIE.—The diamond in this engagement ring is awfully small.  
MORTON.—I told the jeweler it was for the smallest hand in the city.—  
*Detroit Free Press.*



HER VIEWS.

THE MAID.—Is n't she foolish not to take me into her confidence?  
She seems to think she can keep a secret while she keeps a maid.

## Puck's Originals for Sale

In response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his staff artists framed and on exhibition in his own art gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices will vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of PUCK in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.





# Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; best and safest for all uses.  
Famous all over the world and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM BROS., Distillers, - - Louisville, Ky.

## NEW ASTRONOMY.

"Br'er Williams, dey tells me 'at hell is de sun!"

"Well, des raise yo' umbrella en thank God yo' time ain't come yit!" —  
*Atlanta Constitution.*

## INEFFECTUAL.

"He's a wonderful mathematician."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "but what 's the use? He can think up a string of figures as long as your arm, but he can't put a dollar-mark in front of them." — *Washington Star.*



Don't wait until your  
wife or servants

**Cut Their Hands  
BUY A**

## Yankee Cork Puller

An up and down motion of the handle draws the tightest cork and automatically discharges it. No effort. No trouble. No broken bits of cork left in the bottle. Never slips. Lasts a lifetime. Fastens to sideboard, door-jamb or other upright surface. Cannot get lost.

Ask the hardware dealer, or sent direct, express prepaid, on receipt of price.

BOOKLET FOR **Nickel Plated, \$1.25**  
**THE ASKING. Silver \$3.50**

After 30 days' trial money cheerfully refunded if not pleased.  
**THE GILCHRIST CO., 131 Lafayette St., Newark, N. J.**



No better Turkish Cigarette  
can be made

# Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

## JUST LISTEN!

Don't you mind a cloudy sky —  
Any bleak wind blowin';  
Here's the Spring, with song and sigh.  
(Hear the roses growin'?)

Roll, O happy world, on high.  
Where the stars are hummin';  
Brush the cobwebs from the sky.  
(Here's the sunshine comin'!)

— *Atlanta Constitution.*

## REDUCED RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

For the meeting of the Master Plumbers' Association at San Francisco, Cal., May 19th to 22nd, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles May 2nd and May 11th to 17th inclusive, good to return until July 15th at reduced rates. These tickets must be validated for return passage, for which the usual fee of fifty cents will be charged.

The Body's Best Safeguard Against  
the Changes and Chills  
of Spring.

**Jaeger**  
Pure Wool Underwear  
Absorbent  
and Protective.

Maximum of Porosity  
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All Weights for All Wants.

## SPECIAL WEIGHTS FOR SPRING.

Pure Wool Hosiery, Shawls, Shirt  
Also; Waists, Steamer Rugs, Bath Robes,  
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THE LANGUAGE OF THE TURF.

"Could n't you get your money  
down on that race?"

"No."

"What was the trouble?"

"I pronounced the name of the  
horse correctly and the bookmaker  
could n't understand me." — *Washington Star.*

"SPENT so much time in hopin' fer  
de best," said the colored philosopher,  
"dat w'en de worst come dey did n't  
rickernize it en shouted 'Halleluia!'"  
— *Atlanta Constitution.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable  
polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keepers' Friend**

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 240 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



## Rae's Lucca Olive Oil

appreciated by connoisseurs  
for its

**Delicate Flavor**

(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in  
some brands of Olive Oil.)

Guaranteed Pure Oil of Olives  
... only ...

**S. RAE & CO.**  
(Established 1836)

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**Fine Oriental Carpets.**

6 x 9 from \$45.00 to \$55.00  
9 x 12 " 85.00 to 145.00  
10 x 14 " 90.00 to 150.00  
12 x 15 " 125.00 to 200.00  
12 x 18 " 150.00 to 275.00

Greatly reduced from former prices.

Complete new stock of

Summer Rugs and Mattings.

**Broadway & 19th St.**

NEW YORK

**MENNEN'S**  
BORATED TALCUM  
**TOILET  
POWDER**

for After Shaving.



Insist that your barber uses Mennen's  
Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is  
Antiseptic, and will PREVENT any of the  
many skin diseases often contracted.  
A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT,  
CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. Re-  
moves all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original.  
Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

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HENRY B. HYDE  
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would provide for its  
winter time, such adver-  
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Please send me information regarding an Endowment for  
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# The Pines of a Steak House

Late in the airy year  
When grapes were gone and snow was near  
Upon a morning crystal clear  
I first saw Phyllis.

She was her darling self that day,  
But when again I came her way  
She stimped in a prosing play  
As Amaryllis.

On Twelfth Night for some charity  
In *tabloux vivants* "billed" were we;  
I looked my part, I think; but she  
(Begging her pardon)  
Was much too slim and tall a miss  
(Good Charles would bear me out in this,  
As Crinkshank does, though gone to bliss,  
For Dolly Varden.

In February, at a fair  
(Some froward power hated me there)  
She laid our cards—poor beaux, beware  
A buckram groto!  
"Casandra!" I heard someone say,  
And smiled. Imagine *her* display  
A style betwixt Kate Greenaway  
And English Watteau!

Then Marti Gras—a masquerade—  
Upon my arm, proud, undisguised,  
In stiff and wonderful brocade  
Behold *La Marguise*!  
Her cooing creole, soft and slow,  
Deceived not me!—as accents go  
'T was much more like (I told her so)  
A New York darty's.

Lent followed: She became a nun;  
In May a priestess of the sun:  
In June I saw herself—just one  
Short glimpse and flighty.  
And now, though wildly I beseech  
The maid to scan the *révé* I'd teach,  
She's off to pose upon some beach  
As Aphrodite.

Edward W. Barnard.

